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Tears For An Angel

Gerald del Campo
(http://www.Thelema.net/~cypher1000/books.html)

I let them fall for so long
they tasted so sweet
the dew of the face of the Angel
that I would one day meet.

I kept them in a jar
I made sure they were clean
to offer to my beloved
the one of whom I dreamed.

I sat alone one gloomy day
while listening to the rain
as it danced on the window
feeling the pain.

Pain of a thousand martyrs
I wept, I sang, and I cried
waiting for the promised vision
feeling I had been denied.

Later that day
when the clouds moved away
the Sun shined gloriously
and next to me She laid.

I offered the tears
the ones I had saved
and when they touched Her white hands
they faded away.

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